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1913

The
Great
White
Raupper

D. B. Stough



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WALTER J. KEOUGH

The Great White Banner

BY
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OF
BLACKVILLE,
Northumberland County,
New Brunswick,
Canada.



1913.

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PREFACE.

The following Poems were written under varying circumstances and difficult conditions, ill-health and pressure of business. The author has had many opportunities of observing conditions in the cities of the United States and Canada, hence "The Great White Banner."

As to the minor poems, they had their origin in the influences of nature, and are to a certain degree expressions of his actual experiences, though many of them may be said to express rather the passing emotions of the writer's fancy.

Like Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," if I may be permitted to mention so great a poem and so great an author in connection with these trifles and so humble an individual as myself, the public will have to remain in doubt whether they refer to my own experiences or not.

It is or perhaps it should be, the aim and duty of an author to give expression to the facts of Life as he observes them rather than to record his own experiences.

Trusting that the public will accept my motive in writing "The Great White Banner," viz., the bettering of the condition of all classes of our people at the expense of none, and excuse the literary blemishes.

I am, with respectful confidence,

WALTER J. KEOUGH.

TO MOTHER.

I dedicate this simple gift
In memory of a Mother's Love,
In memory of a mother's thought,
In memory of a mother's care,
Of feeling I shall never know,
Of pain caused oft through sleepless nights,
The tireless, wearing vigil watch
That I can ne'er repay.

I give thee back in treasured thought
In inspiration sweet inlaid,
What came' through life in life to me —
That I should live to paint thy love
In blossoms white and rich and pure,
That bears the stamp of cultured worth.
Which could I give, to give no more,
I never could repay.

I give to thee the thoughts oft thine,
In simple, colored, living words,
This tiny Book of youthful love,
The smallest part of mine to thee.
That you may feel my heartbeats near,
That you may see the good, still thine,
That you may live to understand
A son's love to his mother.

SHE WAITS FOR ME.

Somewhere I sight a maiden lonely, gazing,
Her eyes, in all their sweetness, lovely shine,
She feels, I sometimes fancy, passing heartbeats,
Touching and ever soothing as were mine.
Nearer her presence draws when day is ending,
Though troubled distance stands so far between.
Will we, when face to face advancing
Think then of Life's long treasured dream?
No one to fill the vacant, longing heart-drift,
Years with their countless numbers, gone before,
Time brings its train of wanting comforts,
With you my troubled dream alas is o'er.
Only to be where joys alone await me,
E'en though the years are gliding swiftly by.
Never to rest until I find thee, Rosebud,
Somehow I feel Love's long sweet dream is nigh,
Waiting in patience always, never drifting,
Once summed ideal changeless, pure and best
Brings to my mind all earthly comfort,
Brings to my soul eternal rest

“The Great White Banner”

THE GREAT WHITE BANNER.

Raise up the Great White Banner,
Fling it boldly to the breeze,
Send a universal message
Over all the lands and seas.

Float it from the highest hilltop,
Raise it on the lowest plain,
Learn the meaning of its coming:—
Hearts united once again.

Let it stand for all that's grandest,
Let it work for all that's best,
'Tis a sign of moral freedom,
Man united, peace and rest.

Shut out old, decaying systems,
Grasping Greed and cunning Art,
Onward ever, and distinguish
Right from Wrong, O noble heart.

We are brothers, we are sisters,
We are strong in Justice, Right,
Peaceful be our mission ever,
Onward, friends, with all our might.

Soon methinks, I see a white dome
In the distance, in the light,
Dazzling in the sun's bright splendor,
Truth triumphant in her right.

Let us ever work together,
For one cause, one common end,
With "Equality" our password,
To the effort nobly bend.

All ye toiling, massing millions,
Come; awake from that long sleep —
Think! and act, and thus develop,
Or continue still to weep.

Then will man meet man as equal,
Honor smile where all is peace,
With the passing of the Land Force
And the Navy, war must cease.

We are here in thought progressive,
Fifteen hundred million souls.
Hark! I hear the nations' war-cry,
And the battle onward rolls.

Many minds held brilliant pictures.
Since Creation's dawn began,
Poets, Artists, Politicians,
Great the work of gifted man.

Lift the poor, the weak, the lowly,
To a common level all,
Bring back souls from dark perdition
Spare the nations' dread downfall.

Life is brief, yet grand and noble,
Where dwell Virtue, Purpose, Truth,
Lay aside old strifes, old struggles,
Banish Graft while in its youth.

Justice only crowns perfection,
Charity, how sweet the name !
With good work and faith combining,
There is peace, there is no shame.

O those vast, inspiring visions,
Lighting up the great White Way!
Turn to smiles the tears of angels,
Liberty has come to stay.

Time shall soon adjust all matters,
In the universal plan,
God works wonders without measure,
Reason right, O erring man.

Ever bending, never swerving,
Till the hardest hearts are won,
Till man knows not of destruction,
From the dawn till set of sun.

Human Pride, oftentimes in silence,
Mindful of its humble state,
Soon succumbs to earth's lost glory,
Justice follows, with stern Fate.

We are lifters, we are builders —
And constructors of a Past
Filled with dull confusion, chaos,
Putrefaction, cannot last.

Let us lift the White Man's Burden,
Bury it at close of day,
Let the White Flag watch its sleeping,
See! the mist has cleared away.

Strikes and lockouts, death and hunger,
Must our troubles still increase?
Greater dividends compounding,
Shall injustice never cease?

Take a trip throughout our factories,
See the young hearts toiling there,
Helping on some unpaid parent,
Knowledge lacking everywhere.

This little message brings to all.
A thought, embrace it, let it sound,
In action, honest force ordained,
To circle earth and water round.

Go, deck those bloody guns of war
In white, that war may ever cease,
Plant flowers upon the cannon's mouth,
Let Liberty expand, increase.

All down the great footlights of Time
How many actors played their part,
How many of the masses great
Bent on to victory, heart to heart.

Thought slept and reason, oft abused,
Unworthy to proclaim a cause,
Let weakened intellect defy
The nation and the nation's laws.

Not so within our humble halls —
There'll be no need for spite or crime,
Equality will rectify,
Adjust all law in time.

Time cannot stay the rising power,
That soon must see its message rest
Upon the Nation's greatest thrones,
'Twill come because 'tis best.

Great minds are bending to the task,
And greater numbers soon will bend,
For greater is thy power, O Truth,
The wrongs of earth to mend.

Great minds are seeking for the right,
Embrace it, male and female strong,
Send round the world naught but the truth,
O, help our cause along.

Be men, be women, think and act,
 You owe it to yourselves and God,
To those fond, loving little ones,—
 Away with graft and fraud!

The scales are yours to balance now,
 See Justice knocking at the door
Of Mammon great, illegal gain,
 Let Labor cease to worry more.

Let Truth in all her pictured right
 Draw in upon Greed's camping ground,
Surround a structure sinking fast,
 Its death-knell o'er the wide world sound.

Great, honest minds expound the truth,
 See Hearst cares not for storm or tide,
For in his journals there is might
 That bows not to vain Riches' pride.

Americans! Americans!
 Surmount the steps to Victory's cross,
Long have you labor'd for the Right,
 Expose the thief, waylay the boss.

Where is your strength, O noble men?
 Has sight forever lost its power?
Must honest Reason never wake,
 To claim her long lost dower?

What right is ours? We have no right!

Wrong dons a smile when danger's near,
Strength but awakened, gazes out
On all the changes of the year.

On all the changes that must come
As forms unite in Justice strong,
The time has passed to sleep and dream,
The world's awake to all this wrong.

How many hearts, how many homes,
Lie sadden'd on this Christmas Day,
O, Charity's once brilliant garb
Is fading fast away.

How many sons stick to the post
Of Duty, there to stem the tide?
How many daughters dare resist
The awful storm of evil pride?

The higher that frail man ascends
The lower should his spirit wing,
And not to ask, require, receive,
But, God-like, give and comfort bring.

Like rays of light from morning sky,
When dark, mixed clouds have roll'd away
So walk like Christ, with those He loved,
So walk, so work, while in the way.

The focussed gaze of all the world,
Is on you now, take heed, beware,
Men must be men, for great the call,
True actions count, then do and dare.

Poor Ignorance long rested mute,
Knew not the folly of her ways,
Until the bright awakening came,
To light the darkness of her days.

The world needs more and more pure men,
Whose hearts are touched with godly light,
Not worldly worms that gnaw and eat
And pilfer from the poor man's mite.

Not men who love grand banquets' ease,
Who in bright circles love to soar,
Filled with vain, false and foolish praise,
The poor neglected more and more.

Let the White Flag stand for Justice,
Until time shall be no more,
Until every child is loyal
To its duty, to the core.

Let us join in one grand union,
Men of every type and creed,
With the White Flag as our emblem,
There is purpose, there is need.

Of strong minds, pure hearts and workers,
Universal love means gain —
Join us in this moral crusade,
Drive out hunger, care and pain.

To my mother, to all mothers
Must the curtain of the Past
Drop forever from the present
On a scene too sad to last.

Mothers of a grand creation,
Daughters of a noble race,
You control the levers mighty
To destroy and to efface.

At the dawning of tomorrow,
Then begin the noblest day,
Through your teaching and example,
False reform must pass away.

Lovingly unite forever,
In one union grand and great,
Guide the destiny of nations,
Change the universal state.

Sad has been your fate, O sisters,
Great the cross that you have borne,
Soon the White Flag will float o'er you,
On the Reformation morn.

Making all your future lighter,
Recompense for labor done,
Toiling not from early morning
Until after setting sun.

We will set the hours of labor,
Justice must to all be done,
And a wage of independence
Must be paid to everyone.

Thinking, looking, seeking grandeur,
Through enlightenment that comes
In the quiet hours of silence,
Far from cities' noise and hums.

Thy right to vote, O woman fair,
To me seems but a minor part,
The nations' gates must open wide
'Tis time to change the rusty chart.

United you control the polls,
That lead to Presidential chair,
To honor's post stern Duty calls,
The nations need you there.

Press on and sit not idly by,
The White Flag leads the shortest way,
And smiles upon its humble task,
There is no more to say.

My cause is yours and yours is mine,
O Love is deep and pure and strong,
A mother's love! how sweet the name —
Her son can do no wrong.

Sisters preserve your innocence,
We need you in your perfect form,
Man's false ambition falls to dust,
'Tis good that you were born.

Create desire to lift yourselves,
To honors that your name attend,
Let purity enlightened shine,
Till all those evils end.

Say, ye sons of hoary finance,
Did your mothers teach you gain?
Were you nourished with slow poison?
Do your millions cause you pain?

Does your conscience ever chide you?
Are you honest men and true?
Think it o'er in some lone graveyard,
Where the silence speaks to you.

O, ye cruel, fattened monsters,
Ruling from a quicksand throne,
Is there left no good to build from?
Seek the light you have not known.

Bend ye nobly to the task, then,
 Use your wealth to stem the tide
Of the nation's fast decadence,
 By oppressive Greed and Pride.

Come, ye kings of worried millions,
 Act before the day is done,
See the soul's sad, mirrored picture,
 Just let in a little sun.

Just a gleam of long-locked freedom,
 Sound the death-knell of the past,
Once more give back power to nourish,
 Let the life God granted last.

In the lasting shame will vanish,
 Love will sit on honor's throne,
And the soul will reach its birthright,
 And the world will have its own.

Come, ye lords of earthly combine,
 Welcome to a life yet new.
We are tired of doing penance,
 Bowing blindly to the few.

We've been mute, submissive creatures,
 Passing light of reason by,
But henceforth one God we'll honor,
 And for freedom do and die.

Men of wealth, I bear not envy,
For, the Flag of Truth unfurled,
Will protect all right, all honor,
In its mission round the world.

Think of all the priceless millions
Spent in jewels, showy wares,
And the silks and satins gorgeous
Of our cities' thoroughfares.

Graft and scandal without measure,
Passing Law and Order by,
Private cars and pleasure steamers,
Is there left no time to die?

Summer homes and gorgeous banquets,
What confusion rends the air!
"Necessary, retained animals,
For the wealthy just to care."

Autocars and pleasure launches,
Long vacations spent abroad,
Wine saloons and mirrored parlors,
Where is mercy, where is God?

Come, ye men in mighty stations,
In this bright, enlightened day,
Empires fell through dissipation,
Help us, help us, do, I pray.

Just to stay abuse of Reason,
Through those channels crippled long,
Lack of food for mind and body —
This has been the burning wrong.

O, that power that knew not Justice,
See it crumbling with disease,
Bowing to the White Flag's summons,
O'er the lands and o'er the seas.

The rich man in his castled halls
Plays with the masses over-run
Crushed 'neath the burdens of the years,
Not God's will, but man's, must be done.

Lights, once dim, are brightly shining,
And the Artist of the world
Paints that universal watchword,
"Freedom," on our Flag unfurled.

God and country, home and mother,
And that great divine command,
Written on the sky's blue passage,
Pictured on the desert sand.

There is one All-wise Tribunal
Which will guide our ship of state,
Ruling from the highest heavens,
Bless our mission, guard our fate.

Cast Thy rays of understanding
In the humble lives of all,
Bless and guide poor, erring mortals,
Save them, stay their sad downfall.

Raise our country's lowered standard,
Drive out greed from church and state,
Thy perfection, Law, is Order,
Instil morals grand and great.

Instil thought within the masses,
Ev'ry soul must act its part,
Thinking brings but desolations
To the crushed, lone, drooping heart.

O, mighty Power, where Truth resides,
May treason never enter in,
To spoil the beauty's sweet effect,
That this great Age has seen begin.

The Power that moves the ocean on,
The Cause of storms that toss and play,
Will guide reforms in Justice, Right,
So needful in our day.

Christ in His sweet and humble life
Denied Himself that grace might flow
In Charity's extensive flight,
To those He loved while here below.

He gave to them in measure full,
Denied Himself of comfort's store,
That others in the years to come
Might wisely act the wide world o'er.

Many in truth have followed Him,
In church and state throughout the years,
But many more in Pride's vain ways,
Have crucified Him unto tears.

The highest earthly God-right left,
To lighten burdens heavy borne,
This is the end, Redeeming Love,
That through the Ages calmed the storm.

O sacred, bright and burning Love,
That lives eternal, mystified,
Show us the way, the truth, the light
To stay the power of human pride.

O that White Flag, how I love it!
What it means to you and me,
Beaming with our earthly longings,
Emblem of our liberty.

How I love that noble banner!
God, O grant me when I die,
That a white flag will enwrap me —
Let me in its white folds lie.

That White Flag floating on the breeze
Breathes hope and comfort to a race,
Where Greed's desire has ever filled
A nation with disgrace.

Cling to the Great White Banner, cling,
In life, in death, though hard the way,
Twill guide the greatest union yet
Unto the great and dawning day.

A FEW MORE YEARS.

A few more years, a few more tears and then
The veil will raise and clear the mist,
The power dispelling light will clear
And drive away man's weakened fear.
A few more struggles filled with pain,
With false remorse to struggle on,
A few more strong temptations left,
The heart sick, saddened and bereft.
A few more tiny heart-beats faint,
The eyes bedimmed, the memory choked,
Life flowing to the central fount,
This was the Message from the Mount.
Look up! I go to welcome thee,
A few more days and thou wilt know
The love, the beauty and the light,
The end of man's despairing flight.

TRUTH.

Greater art thou than all gifts to man,
The noblest teacher since the world began,
Golden-art treasure that opes the door,
The soul's pass check when Ambition's o'er,
The secret lever that lights the way,
Eternal peace of a passing day,
Lost to ambition of earthly might,
Sweet is thy name, O Truth.

Sweet is thy pictured, sacred crown,
Proclaiming the way to fame, renown,
Pillar'd on golden streams of love,
In those mystified valleys above,
Rough is thy way from divinity's course,
Sad is the soul fill'd with bitter remorse,
After the death hour, ambition, O then
Yields to the sceptre of Truth.

Mystified, troubled and falsified power,
Pointing forever to gods of an hour,
Sealing thy soul's fate in misery chained,
Cursing lost graces, the God-head defamed,
Beautified channel of deep, tender love,
Spreading choice fragrance through skies far above
Great is thy soothing, balmed story to me,
Noble thy mission, O Truth.

Great are humanity's longings for wealth,
Gem of the gone-before, laid on the shelf,
Souls ever hungry for vanity's clew,
Soul-clogged and soul-robbed and soul never true,
Time-chats and time-laughs and time-frolics free,
Will was and will is and will must it be,
Armor'd to do the right, mindful the time,
Voiced-oft, ne'er silenced, O Truth.

All am I ever to those who will seek
More light and more grace, commandments keep,
I am the light of lights, sacred and free,
Thou art my master-work, fashioned like me,
I am the earth and the air and the sea,
I was and am, and will afterwards be,
Life when the veil is raised then all will see,
I am the figure called Truth.

Lose me and all is lost. O bitter pain,
Crucify, wet my tears over again,
In the lost valley, 'mid sorrow and shame,
This is the gift of my fame.
Far-famed and far-named and reaching afar,
Pictured in moonbeams and sunstreams and star,
I am simplicity smiling to please,
Supreme, right, day and night, Truth.

THE GENTLE WORD.

How soothing is the gentle word,
That calms and smooths and cheers,
I love it for its simple tone
That changes not with years.
It wears a smile that understands
Its countenance is light
That plays upon the senses still'd,
That feels the truth at sight,
Its name is memory bedecked
With thought and reason, tact,
A noble gift at perfect ease
That knows the time to act.
How sweet, O, is the gentle word,
That falls like music on the ear,
That brings contentment to the heart,
And drives away dull fear.

IS LIFE WORTH WHILE?

Go, taste from Nature's simple store,
'Tis easy found the wide world o'er.
Gold-barr'd, steel-barr'd, bill-barr'd indeed,
Don't seek, there is no need.
A few control the entrance there,
Eyes gleam in sadness, wander, stare,
They don't enjoy what others might,
Then Life is not worth while.

Go, look upon those pillor'd streams
That memory pictures in her dreams,
The lack of earthly rights deny
And leaves the soul to think and sigh,
To mourn in thought her righteous loss,
The heart left sad to pitch and toss,
O, Reason, art thou satisfied,
That Life is not worth while?

CHARACTER.

O, shining instrument of truth,
That leaves the soul to open gaze,
Thy name is pictured in the face
 And in the soft gleam of the eye.
And in the tender words that fall,
 With pure expression on the ear
To raise the heart to levels high,
 A living presence glorified,
Thy name is Character.

Thou art to me the food of life,
 I love to linger by thy side
And feel the good that emanates,
 That brings sweet comfort day by day,
That grows in beauty more and more,
 Like flowers that reach a perfect bloom.
O, could I rest my hope somewhere
 In trembling haste would I pursue
To follow Character.

HOPE.

Dark are the clouds in the heavens to-night,
Bursting forth winds in supreme delight,
Sending sad requiems round the earth
Seen not and felt not till after death,
After the silence and stillness of thought
Awakes to the changes of mysteries wrought.
Then from that mastermind light comes to me
Thou art that jewel called Hope.

Cling to the picture that Memory calls Love,
Heralded in earthquakes and cyclones above,
Silencing wickedness, saving souls fall,
Thou art a beacon light guiding us all.
Seen in the lightning's all powerful flash,
Heard in the thunderstorm's frightening crash,
Felt in the clearing sun's mystified change.
Thou art my guiding star, Hope.

Friend of the murderer, deep though the crime,
Felt in the churchbells' sad mournful chime,
Seen in the silence of Death's bitter end,
Pleading to hearts to in time make amend,
Joy of the humble, the meek and the true,
Author of Mercy, though shielded from view,
Gem, O, eternally pointing the way,
Be with us ever, sweet Hope.

ANTICIPATION.

Somewhere I sight a full heart reaching,
Right now a mind impression thrills,
My soul has travelled years to welcome
Somewhere a soulmate waits for me,
Youth, love and beauty, health combining,
Enter not in my dream of you,
Sweet, saddened, modest, clinging character,
Long years right now, somewhere is Love.

Somewhere my mind to you is drifting,
Truth grows far sweeter with the years,
Reason with patience smiles an answer—
Call me to feel thy vacant mist,
Passing in heart-beat's touching pressure,
Youth's bright awakening fondly clings,
Only to find what never ages,
Somewhere to meet thee face to face.

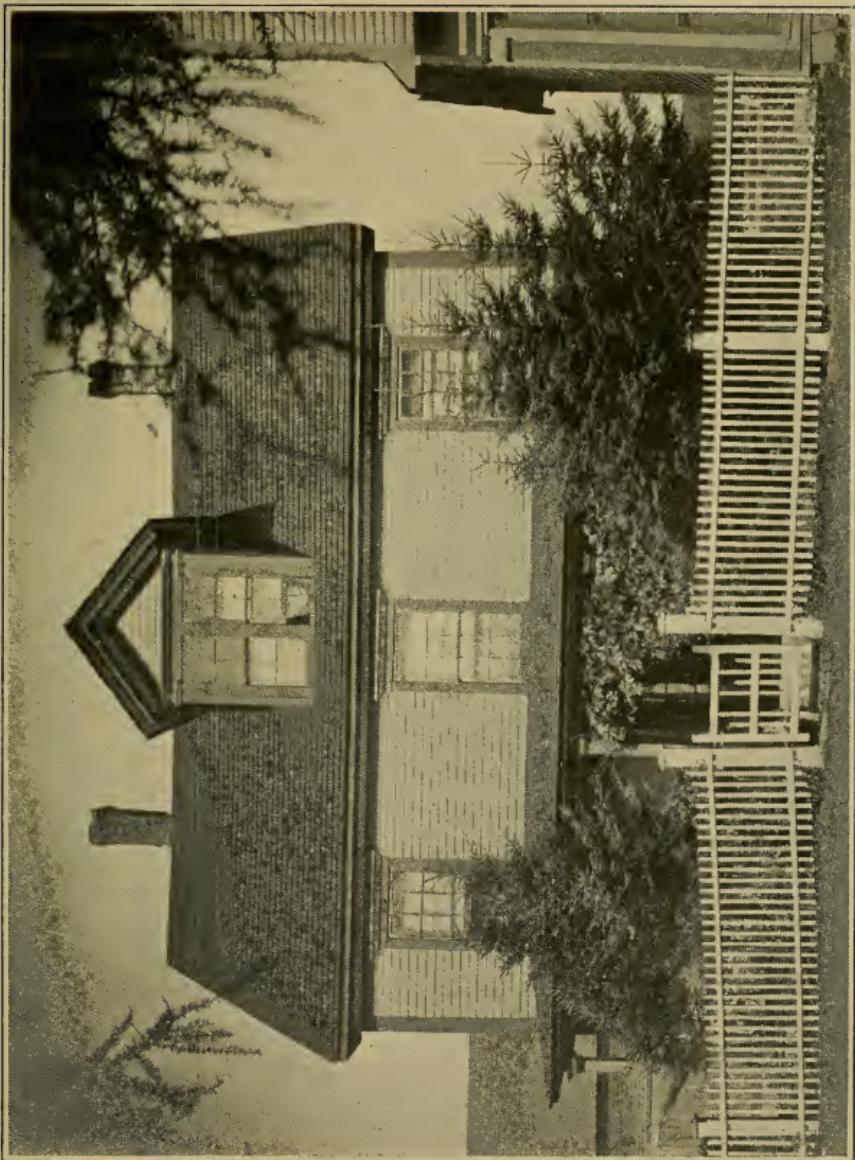
Some day let peace my pathway lighten,
Hearts sealed in one eternal thought,
Only to never lose thy presence,
Nearing my earthly-centered trust.
Can you not sight those blue eyes tender,
Waiting and watching patiently.
Only to share, to never empty,
Tell me when can I come to thee?

THE MAGAZINE.

Within thy treasured columns opes
The work of Genius, Commerce, Art.
With broken pledges, passing hopes,
In world affairs that play a part.
The field of Romance opened wide,
The sad and tragic actor's part,
The joy of longing, human pride,
Scenes old, yet new to every heart.
The land of puzzled, false finance
Where stocks and bonds and wealth combine,
The grand, secluded, social dance,
With ocean scenes that onward roll.
Great is the part that thou hast played
In knowledge spread throughout the land.
Great was the want that thou hast laid
That reach'd and spread and continents spann'd.

WALTER J. KEOUGH'S BIRTHPLACE.

House in which the New Brunswick poet was born. A romantic spot on the banks of the Miramichi River.



THE ARTIST.

Go, brush thy thoughts on canvas rare,
The power is thine to give or spare,
Of lovely woodlands, lakes and hills,
Of sunny pastures, native rills,
Of old mill streams in rapture set,
That please the mind, the heart beget.
Of waterfalls, of rocks, moss-green,
That oft mine aching eyes have seen.
Go, Talent, thou wert made to please,
Through ice-bound ponds that crack and freeze,
Through country roads that reached away
And served the purpose of their day,
Through houses old that mount the hill,
And hold the eyes, e'er, spellbound, still,
Through shady lanes where lovers stroll.
To mountain-sides, where snow-slides roll.
To valleys where the wild-flowers bloom
In all their loveliness in June,
To graveyards bending old with age,
With only an unwritten page,
Go, Genius, thou art qualified
And Duty is thy work.

A WISH.

What a lonely message the wild winds bring
As the old year falls to sleep,
Let me live and roam where the great waves roar
As they surge and break on the deep.
Where the big red moon on her hinges swings
Looking down on a scene sublime,
Let my heart's lonely rapture be lulled to sleep
In the thought of the New Year's chime.

By the lonely beach near my cottage home,
Let me live out the old in the new,
'Tis a thought that alone happy memory craves,
To pass out from the old year's view.
To drink in the murmur of lonely sounds
That come from the seagulls at play,
To welcome the fisherman homeward bound,
Breaking in on the New Year's Day.

INGRATITUDE.

I have waited in vain for an answer,
To the Christmas picture sent,
I thought of appreciation,
For a gift from a heart well meant.
I saw not then ingratitude
That burns and fades and dies,
I saw not then deception,
The mist has cleared my eyes.
I saw the good I've ever seen
In deadly conflict clash,
I saw love's erring mental strain,
Weep, vanish in a flash,
Through reconciliation's plot
Vain Wisdom oft abused,
To suit a purpose without end,
A heart through wrong enthused.
O truth, O beauty shattered,
Years will regain the light,
When sorrow's night in bitter tears
Will never reach the height,
Will never claim her former gift,
Will live to mourn her loss,
In tender, saddened, weeping strains,
In silent, deep remorse.

SISTER.

Sister, how oft we meet again!

Thy smile has never left my soul,
Wherever I am, I hear thy voice,

I know the truth of justice right,
The happy light that penetrates

Through workings of an unseen hand,
I love the Artist's treasured Name,
That brings thy presence near,

I walk with thee who lives apart

From darkened minds that bear a name,
I listen to those tender strains,

Perfected since you went above.
The ways of God are sweet to learn

When Love portrays his hidden power,
O, could I go somewhere to rest,
'Twould be, dear May, with you.

THE ROSARY.

The Rosary once played by thee

I never shall forget,

When I'm alone in deepest thought,

Those sweet strains greet me yet.

They took me then beyond the mist,

That I might more enjoy,

The gifted players' author power

To lesser thought destroy.

The inspired feeling brought to light,
The life, the beauty and desire,
That prompted me since then to seek
Perfection's end acquire.
How many askings oft were mine
That brought me nearer to the light,
Of wisdom's store that I might give
And clear the mist from sight.
Those lovely, dying echoes live
To teach me trust, simplicity,
O that my mind may never lose
Such grand felicity.
And in my dying hours I crave
To hear again those self-same strains,
I'd give to God my every thought,
Forgetful of Death's pains.
Sweet Rosary, I'm lost in thee,
Thy message brought relief,
Through sound's instilling, lifting power,
Confirming my belief.
Live with me till I hear once more,
Be with me till I see
And meet forever, face to face,
The Light that captured me.

SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

I write. I fear not censure's might,
The loss of love, the curse of will,
The pomp of artificial pride,
In moral, mental, weak defects,
Soon offspring lives to curse the day
That Life to them in weakness born,
Brings misery and awful pain,
Brings suicide and things oft worse,
Is this a mother's love?

God bless the child that lives to love
A mother's name, a mother's power,
Whose breath immune from odors vile,
Is honor'd, loved, in life and death.
What worthless, tarnish'd weakened germ,
In weakened flesh that lives to mourn,
To curse the sight of life that fed,
To sight the loss of morals born.
And still some say, "Let women smoke."

O, yes, go let them wear the pants,
Not in, but out, if such they wish,
Some "John de Kuyper" on the hip,
Hip, hip, hurrah, O, modern vice.
It leads to this, to more and more,
If generally should spread the dope
I've watched the curse and seen the fate
Of structures strong that should have been
Pure, modest, worthy of a name.

Go to the dives where smoke and wine
Lead further still to something more.
Tell me, do, please, how you could reach
To bring those stricken loved ones back.
They once ne'er knew the taste of smoke.
In justice, did they e'er intend
To drink the further dope that steals
Reason and virtue, health or wealth,
Still must you say, "Let women smoke?"

I have a mother whom I love,
Two sisters, too, as dear to me,
And rather than to see them fall
To cigarettes and more and more,
O, rather would I see them dead,
That follow such a false reform
That robs men oft, as well as women,
Of further good, with no return.
And then, some say, "Let women smoke."

Oh, no, deluded fancy, halt!
In silence keep those sentiments,
That you so nobly can control,
In moderation ever guard,
How many wills are shaped like yours?
With strength sufficient to defy
The further course that leads to pain,
That you in reason can discern
Was but the offspring of a smoke.

I've always said, "Let women vote,"
Progression seems to point that way,
Man cannot stop the onward march,
'Twill come in time, because 'tis right.
I'm with you in all things that point
To stronger, better Labor Laws,
Might just as well try stop the course
Of ocean waters, onward rolled,
Don't try, O, Power, there is no use.

O, lovely Nature, change not now,
The pleasant, much respected path,
That through the ages thou hast trod,
In admiration ever held,
I love the sweet, bright, gentle form,
Immune from dopes and drugs, whatnot,
Let Health and Ease and Luxury pause
And reason for their own safeguard,
But never, pray, let women smoke.

I, too, defy a bishop's whims,
Robbed of the light of reason, truth,
It matters not how good the soul
That scatters wide such empty sound,
If stern Religion's end is this,
A mockery, nightmare and a snare,
Then turn the mind to but forget,
Abuse of Reason's awful power,
O, lift thine eyes elsewhere

NOW AND THEN.

'Mid old New Hampshire's classic hills,
Is life and hope and youth,
Depicted in her ancient rills,
As gems of beauty, truth.
Go, seek her stilly, wooded groves
Where dreamers find relief,
Here genius, talent, study, roves,
As king and lord and chief.
Here freedom drinks of Nature's store,
And wants are lulled to sleep,
The heart finds rest when day is o'er,
From noise of city street.
Far in those sweet, secluded nooks
Are golden comforts sought and found,
Go, listen to those rumbling brooks,
That hold the lingering heart spellbound.
Go rest beneath those sighing trees,
That shade the sun from man's repose,
Go, look upon sweet Autumn leaves
O beauty lives to die disclose,
The power of thought eternal, clothed
In all her changeless, ancient lore,
Time will forget where oft we roved,
When passing to the farther shore.

TO MISS HELEN GOULD.

From old New Hampshire's classic hills
I viewed the scenes of former years,
And memory from her centre fount
Recalls the light that gently falls,
That through the years since thou wert born,
Like blessings fell upon a race
To portray brighter mercy's call,
Thou wert her chosen one.

From sweet inception thou were touched
With holier gifts than earthly wealth,
The light of hidden, treasured power
Implanted deep on golden glass,
On mirror's face the soul bespeaks
The workings of an Artist old
Who holds and guides and rules the way
That leads to Charity.

Of gold and silver I have none,
To offer on thy wedding morn,
I give to thee a thought inbued
To brighten, lighten and adorn
Thy future with simplicity,
With love and peace and truth abound,
That still thy worth will larger grow
'Tis good that thou wert born.

The world has crowned thy noble worth
In chiseled, sharpened, burning words,
That still bespeaks the joy of Love,
That emanates in living light,

That flows serene through distant heights,
Where Memory seeks her final joy,
'Twill then be thine when homeward bound,
To feel the truth of Death.

O let thy gentle message be
Forever clothed in humble work,
O shepherd watch thy scattered flock
That still heart-rending scenes may cease,
That you may never feel the pain
Of breaking human burdened wants
That soon thy sweetened recompense
Will wake to crown thee queen.

You'll never know the thought that burns
Within the sanctuary of my soul,
Till when on treasured hills afar
The veil is raised to human gaze,
You'll then discern the inspired hope,
The promptings of a simple poem,
The longings of a lighted heart,
That breathed a prayer of peace.

O treasured Star, eternal All,
Breathe confidence and truth to guide,
That passing from her wedding mirth,
As I will pass forever from,
A welcome gaze to never know,
To never see the form that gives,
But through inspired vision born
That sees and knows thy worth.

A THOUGHT.

To-night I'm at rest in the best old home
That this world can give to me.
It stands high up on a rocky ledge
Protected long years from the sea.
It is here in dear old vacation days
I return when the heart needs rest,
To bask in the sun and breathe the fresh air
That makes me feel jovial and best.
To lie and pull on my old clay pipe,
Watch the smoke wreaths ascending high
With my thoughts ever aiming to break the
mist,
To peer through the bright colored sky.

To look far out on the bounding deeps
Where the seagulls are masters at play,
To list to the lonely murmur of winds
And to feel the things that they say.
O, could it but come, what my mind most
craves,
Take this heart that is sad, sick and sore,
And place it to rest 'neath the cold, still earth
To sleep, to awaken no more.

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

To me the Spirit world is near,
I feel the touch as forms appear,
In sacred, inspired, sounding raps
That wake the soul to highest pitch.
The keener senses stronger grow,
In search of Truth lost, mystified,
Returning through the power of Light
That oft dispels the gloom.

I sight the smiles of faces gone,
I feel the touch of fingers' dust,
I know the secret and the truth
That hides the form from eager gaze,
The loss of inspired vision sought,
The few that stamp the power of might
Upon the hidden mirror's plate
That grew in love and countless grace.

I live, expand and deeper see,
Through death to life, no veil secludes,
But Light eternal paves the way
Through channels black to man's deceit
Whose soul is dark with earthly bliss,
Will never know the beauties near
That Purity's enlightened gaze
Through countless askings sights.

A few more years and I will be
In spirit with the forms I see,
A few more pleadings, sweetly voiced
By spirits that are ever near
A deeper modelled picture firm,
That points the way through chastened Love
That lightens in its infancy,
What man so oft observes.

REVENGE.

Dark are thy palace walls, O King, tonight,
Is this the end of dull, cold crude desire?
Yesterday the pride of empires bowed to thee,
To-day, not one is left to dry the tear.
Is this the end of all thy pride and power?
To feel the death blow of a lost control,
A daughter's sanction never will be thine,
For Romeo thy queenly daughter lives.

Truth cannot lie, e'en though a father kills,
With stern commands, rebukes to suit an end
Misery through forethought, daggers-end,
Where once was virtue in its tranquil state.
This life held all for thee, my queen, but love,
And love alone in death was thine to know.
O give us more true character like thine,
That welcomes death to falsehood and disgrace.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

O, could I meet thee face to face,
And further beauties sight and trace
Than these that from a picture seen,
Proclaim thee Venus in a dream,
I'd gladly bring thy presence near
And challenge will the soul to clear,
To know if light and reason dwell
Within thy grand physique.

Thy picture breathes a prayer of truth,
Thy noble presence speaks of youth,
Of tender, living, lighted rays
That guide the tenor of thy ways.
Beneath thy chiseled, whitened brow
Eyes gleam in splendor ever now.
Could I in haste proclaim thy worth
I'd ever call thee queen.

O, lovely Helen Pattengall
Words fail to ever half instal
The strength of character inlaid
Before mind's evil eye to fade,
To stronger grow in wisdom's way,
Refining, touching with the ray
Of sacred light to ever shine
Within thy sweetened soul.

Thy face is but an image pure
Perfected through a Maker sure,
Who gives his love in many ways
To brightly light Life's dying days
With courage, hope and peace and rest,
And all things that to Him seem best.
O, could I wish to wish no more,
Keep thou thy purity.

WON BY A SMILE.

Where have I seen that form before?
What sweet expression crowns the face?
And leaves me left to search a name,
That I, perhaps, may never know.
I see the beauty, Character,
In every smile that sweetly flows,
Like honey in a hidden nest,
That I must never taste or touch.
I see the soul's determined flight
To pastures bright, to meadows green,
Thy native haunts are somewhere yet
Where trembling feet have never trod.
In mind's repose thy picture rests,
It has not changed throughout the years,
I follow still thy wayward flight
Through fields and woods to river's edge.
I see the bear, the wildcat game
That you have ever held aloof,

The hunter is your guide by day,
A grandpa grave by night.
You are admired by one who sees
The hidden, simple, treasured gift,
That no man's word has ever reached,
That mind has never magnified.
Cling to the wilds where Nature tames
And reason cultivates the eye
With wisdom from her precious store,
That sights through meditation deep
The shrewd, alluring faculties
Of pompous, artful, cunning man,
Who breaks all bounds to seal thy fate
With all his gifts of misery.
Thy smile is wretched to the sight
That fascinates to shatter thought
Of vain, admiring weakened might
That falls before thy lightened gage.
You'll never know the truth of power,
The strength of knowledge never seen
Secluded by a hidden life,
A longing wish to ne'er mature.
The curtain falls to rise no more,
Upon an artificial scene,
To leave the soul to wonder still
If such a living face exists.

WHAT IS SADDER THAN MENTAL WILDERNESS ?

O gladness, sunshine, freedom, love,
That once was all to me,
I know not what the world can give
To take the place of thee.
Those hours when youth and truth and all
That made life worth the name,
Fond hope and kindness ruling power,
The birth of riches, fame.
Those morning hours of tender trust,
When souls in gladness felt
The pressure of a trustful hand
In heartbeats nobly dealt.
To look, to see, to always feel
The things that never change.
To know in all simplicity,
Though narrow be Life's range.
To live, to see, to feel, to hold,
The things of earthly worth,
That come in life's expansive course
Felt, treasured after birth.
How bright, how happy is the mind
Robbed not of freedom, reason's balm,
Distrust, ingratitude so oft
Felt not in finger's touch, or palm,
Deceit that reaches from the soul,
O artificial, hidden sting,

That penetrates and puzzles kills,
Through artificial trap to bring.
To change the state of love's repose,
The troubled mind made sadder grows,
Inclosed, secluded from the best,
The truth at last to know.
O saddened, troubled, burning thought,
The mind a wilderness becomes,
Will over will, through civil laws,
Act, hear not, care, till life is run.
Day after day, year after year,
Forms come in ages young and old,
Unmindful many, thoughtless oft,
Of stories old, yet never told.
Time smiles and chats, but changes not,
Forms sight too late the changes wrought,
Low burns the light, gone is the smile
Sad is the wilderness last sought.

QUEEN.

'Tis a tiny light that beckons me on,
That has been my guide through the years agone,
A Lily, purest, from hills of gold,
The Nations' model, though ages old,
The noblest type of a great world's queen,
A God's first choice has this Virgin been,
A Son's last love in His dying hour,
Be thou ever near me, O temple of Power.

ARTIFICIAL LOVE.

Once I thought I loved you,
Sacred was the vow,
Years have changed my feelings,
I don't love you now.
I have now grown stronger,
In mind's cultured store,
Then I fell for beauty,
Now I stand for more.
Genius bids me follow
On her noble track,
Beauty seems a false god,
One to keep me back.
Years bring many changes,
In her ceaseless train,
Love alone is empty
With a face and name.
Beauty must bear talent
Neath its whitened brow,
Chiseled with expression,
Changed since then, and now!

DEAD WITH MY HARNESS ON.

Some day, perhaps, you will find me
 Dead, with my harness on.
Work, though the heart beats slower,
 Work, though the heart beats strong.
Onward with Life's great battle,
 Onward, till Memory's gone.
Work, though the heart be breaking,
 Poverty bids us keep on.
Work when the day is ended
 Work when the day begins.
Is there no rest for the weary,
 Till the funeral church bells ring?
Can you not see me sinking
 Never to hear Death's cry,
Bowing, with sweet submission
 To the summons up on high?
Soon will the battle ending,
 Bring to my heart relief,
Soon will the soul departing
 Have faith like the dying thief.
Then may my friends remember
 My efforts when I am gone,
And giving a thought, true and tender:
 "Dead with his harness on!"

I UNDERSTAND.

Yes, I will try to understand
The step that now you take,
The sacred promise once you gave,
That silently you break.
A mother enters in the scene,
With a decision stern,
I saw the future in a dream,
I saw the tide return.
Years bring regrets and bitter pain
E'en to a mother old,
Sometime, perhaps, you'll understand,
Sometime the truth unfold.

THE MOTHER.

Mary, all hail to thee, mother of God,
Purest and fairest and best,
Give to my troubled soul courage and hope,
Give to my drifting mind rest.
Bring me to sight of those heavenly joys,
Graces that once e'er were mine,
Strengthen me, mould in me just once again
A light to perpetual shine.
Be thou e'er near me in death's troubled hour,
Watch o'er my poor spirit's flight,
Lead me safe homeward, forever to live,
In Eternity's bright golden light.

NEARING THE LIGHT.

To-night there's a pure voice whispering
 Words that bring hope and gain,
I listen and listen and listen
 To those sweet words over again.
They are filled with a sacred flavor,
 That comes not from human tongue
They give to my heart new courage,
 New hope when the day is done.
I see the life, light and beauty,
 And the glory when death is o'er,
That guides my barque on its roughened course
 Like breakers from the shore.
I hear of the future's planning,
 I see till the curtain drops,
I welcome the day appointed
 When forever the struggle stops.
I must fare you well, Good Friday,
 To ascend on Easter morn,
Then you will come to understand.
 Of the inward spirit born.

INVISIBLE POWER.

Stars point to fame,
Moon bears a name
With sun a witness too,
That points to strength, to power and might.
Felt, honor'd, treasured, true.
Invisible, deciphered Love
No human thought can span,
Inclusive evidence of right,
Barr'd, censured oft by man.
Of clay inlaid with precious gift
Of sight and thought and sound,
To misconstruct and ever shift
To falsify might's ground.
Time understands,
Obeys commands.
O, bitter loss, what gain?
Thy power is but a passing hour,
Yield to the power of fame.

MODESTY.

Oft I've admired thy sacredness,
 Too pure to gaze upon,
O, never-changing temple sound,
 In silence thou art bound,
Thy life is but an element,
 In pure existence here,
To elevate in sweet repose,
 Thy memory welcome's cheer,
To lessen human frailties,
 In stations weakly placed,
Eternal Love will ever guide
 With human gain defaced,
Save that which gives example pure
 To lesser forms imbued.
With greater trials, deep pitfalls
 On thy path never strewed,
O, must I know that thou art near
 And yet not meet thy gaze?
Contentment still will elevate
 To higher levels raise.

POWER.

Only to hold the pen and then
To sight the power that lights,
Existence with a charm that gives
Beauty, expression, ease and grace,
Ambition, truth and hope and wealth,
And music oft abounding heights
That wins and captivates.

Only to never lose thy sight,
Which spells success supremely all,
The course of empire's great expanse,
The want of Nations now no more,
Thy name's perfection without end,
That guides the hidden spirits flight,
In silence ever somewhere.

I feel thee when the heart is strong,
I love thee in thy strong control,
I never lose thy presence near,
To know thy worth is all to me
To feed the flame of Mercy's call
In a continual living fire,
That knows not of destruction.

GOOD-BYE OLD HILLS.

Good-by old hills, I leave you now,
To visit scenes of other days,
Soon I'll return again to you,
That gave me health and peace of mind.
'Mid old New Brunswick's tasseled pines
I'll breathe again the air once mine
And roam about her mountain streams
That once were ever dear to me.
I'll listen to the music sweet,
The gushing sound of waterfalls,
That ever charmed the dreamer's ear,
And filled the heart with joy.

FRIEND.

I have walked through the Valley of Friendship
Through the cold, callous Valley alone,
I found not a heart that was real,
No friendships to equal my own.
In my talks with the shrewd artful maidens,
Not one could I find quite sincere,
Not one could I trust with my secrets
Or my life, which is even more dear.
No male friend could equal my standard,
But the Power that has guarded my soul,
That hides e'en the air from man's vision,
That's heard in the deep Ocean's roll.

STOP A'GRUMBLING.

If things go not well, stop a,grumbling,
We can, boys, if only we try,
Look out on the bright world around us,
And list to the wind's gentle sigh.
What a rosary of blessings they whisper,
After sadness what joys greet the ear,
Tho' tear-drops are shed in reflection,
Eyes dry and the heart fills with cheer.
After storm comes a calm of contentment,
Be manly, be just, be sincere,
'Twill drive away many a heartache
Drown sorrow and bury false fear.
Do not doubt till the soul is a witness
To the heart-rending wrongs that exist,
For the clouds of the present may vanish
Beneath the bright sun's clearing mist.
Be honest, look in on the mirror,
That portrays the soul's loss or gain,
Is Justice depicted in mercy?
Did you lie? inflict sorrow and pain?
If you did then remember the morrow,
Reaching upward, afar and afar,
Justice crowned in its far dealing glory,
Is hitched not to sun, moon or star.
O be gentle, be kind and be grateful,
Though thorny the way, smiles will win,
For the soul throws its masterful beauty
Through eyes sealed, immune, far from sin.

Unload the tired mind of its burden,
Seek, there's good somewhere yet left to build,
Do not grumble and grumble and grumble,
Till a grumbler's casket you've filled.
We are all prone to faults, few or many,
Though we see not, in silence they ring,
Whilst we in a hurricane of gestures,
Fault-finding, some other's faults sing.
Are we just, do they warrant our censure,
Do not our faults oft outmeasure theirs,
Years change the mind's youthful picture,
Forgetful of pleasures once shared.
O smile when the dangers seem greatest,
Let our words be e'er thoughtful and bright,
'Twill oft save a poor brother's downfall,
And clear surface mists from our sight.

MY BEST FRIEND.

My friends have left me one by one,
They knew me best when I was well,
In hours of pain, when kind words heal,
They bade me then a sad farewell.
One by one I hear their voices,
One by one they disappear,
Leaving but the world's false relic —
God, 'tis good that Thou art near.
Though the way seems dark and troubled,
Through the mist a tiny light
Points to that eternal comfort
Found alone on Heaven's height.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Souls bartered through an auction room,
Is this the noble end of youth?
God's treasured, moulded, perfect form,
Filled with but life, a living truth.
Exposed and scandalized oft by man
To satisfy vain passion's will,
Immoral Gain, what is thy end?
Remember who must pay the bill.

Some day Life's end will draw you near
The lighted page that burns and pains,
Remorse of conscience then will dwell
Forever with those putrid stains,
To feel the murders caused by you,
The crying of those infants wronged —
O could you but return to pay,
How easy penance then would seem.

I sight those million dollar hells,
The price of Virtue cheaply bought,
Thy crucifixions lustward bound
Will learn a lesson dearly wrought,
Within thy after painful loss,
Deprived of sight and light and love.
I am the artist long refused.
Deny me, rob me, pay the cost.

Great is my mercy for the weak,
For struggling souls of lesser light,
And greater still is Vengeance wrath,
That visits on the darkest night
The unprepared, defiant soul,
The treasure box of victim's blood.
Is this the end of God's intent?
Think, man, before thy name is death.

THE JOYS OF YESTERDAY.

Gone are the joys of yesterday,
Time smiled, thought slept to find
The dreams of true reality
Forsaken left behind.
What plans, what resolutions then
When, lo! awakening came,
Youth changing into womanhood
On old age placed the blame.
Those sacred words that burned the heart
With falsehoods since to scorn,
Is it not right that silence finds
Peace in the years agone.
Look back, that tears may comfort bring,
Look back, that you may know
And feel the things that I have felt,
Since that dear long ago.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

A few more words
And I will pass
Thee out forever.
A few more sweet,
Expressioned words
And I have done.
I see the past
That lives no more
For you and me.
I gaze in deep
Long, lingering thought,
To think no more.
I go in haste
Forever from
The things that pleased.
The heart that voiced
Reality
Too soon to fade.
To pass within
The portals bright
That never change.
I felt relief
In tears long dried,
To ne'er return.
I heave a sigh,
In classic verse
O, read and feel.

The truth of Love
Once yours in all
Its gifted silence.
I go, 'tis best,
You bid me so,
To find relief
'Mid other scenes
Where fancy plays
In days of absence.
You'll follow me
In all my ways
'Twas pre-ordained
What you should know
To feel regret —
A broken promise.

MORNING.

Morning, and the world around is quiet, beautiful,
How peaceful, dreamy, flows the river on its way,
Trees old and young, bend o'er me in their glory,
And make me deeper see and feel for aye.
Though deep the mist, a golden light is nearer,
I lose awhile much of my brightest pleasure,
Things that pleased me once do but annoy me,
Culture seeks a level, youth and age a treasure,
And build a monument for future ages.
I once upon the river bank, now green
Foresaw the things that yet would fill the sages,
Read and study, and see what I have seen.

TO IRIS.

Just a neglected country flower,
 Lonely and wild and free,
Still there is beauty and sweetness left
 And my heart goes out to thee.
A heart filled with love and sympathy
 Is asking to lead the way,
 Out of the night of bondage
 To the light of eternal day.
In a far away country village,
 By a lonely wayside inn,
I found this neglected Rosebud
 In the midst of destruction and sin.
Wild and wayward and lonely,
 With a countenance filled with pain,
She left in the night with a message of peace
 Nevermore to return again.
Far from Lancaster's noble heights
 Where the stars shine brightly down,
This little wild, country urchin
 Is queen of that noble town.
Sweet, lovely, modest Iris,
 What sorrows have followed thee,
From childhood's earliest morning
 To the years of maturity.
Death leaves its sad and lonely sting
 Upon your once bright, modest brow,

And all those lovelier, happier hours
Leave you, dear child, forever now.
Not, dear, forever, but just a day,
Will your heart be filled with pain,
For Love's Young Dream will fill the gap
And then you'll be happy again.
And with your bright-eyed, thoughtful Lynn
Who loved you in his way,
May you be happy evermore,
Throughout the long, long night and day.

SUMMERTIME.

Dear, dreamy, golden Summertime,
When Nature plays a noble part,
In opening up her winning book
Of flowers and trees and hillsides green,
Of birds that fill the air with song,
Of tiny brooks and waterfalls,
And cattle grazing peacefully,
On meadowland, near lakes moss green.
I love the bright green, flowered fields,
That bear the stamp of Wonderland,
The many, varied colored leaves,
That shoot from varied, well-named trees,
What food for thought in Wisdom's store,
That hides, recalls, for leisure time,
Those sunny days of human rest,
That mean so much to me.

MEMORY.

O Memory, thou art to me,
A fount of sacred light,
That penetrates through seeming mists,
Though far off seems the height,
Where stern, calm, just reality
Is master, servant, king,
To never, never lose thy sight,
Through thee to ever win.

I go beyond the world of thought,
Through space so seldom scanned,
My earthly structure braves the storm,
Through thee I'm ably manned.
To sight the good, that never dies,
When Mercy's touch was born,
Within Life's eager, breathing hope,
On childhood's tender morn.

GONE.

(Written at the age of 13)

Gone before the gates of Heaven,
Leaving me this side the Bay
Gone and left this world forever,
Only gone, so farewell, May.
Gone to meet that ever Virgin
Where eternal peace doth sway,
Gone alas! farewell forever,
Only gone beyond the Bay.

A WARNING.

There's a cloud on the brightness of evening,
In the dear long ago once so sweet,
I can see it and feel its sad presence,
'Tis hard to be brave and to meet
Love's last warning of danger approaching,
 In the smooth, dreamy hours rippled now,
With a tiny, dull fringe of resentment,
 Hope shattered through Love's final vow,
Years witness the soul fast expanding,
 Time sees, smiles, but keeps on her way.
Leaving the poor, shipwrecked sailor
 To fight with the tides on the bay.

TRUE LOVE.

There is no Love,
 But that which comes from God,
I sought in vain
 To learn, in all deception,
The time may come
 When I will reach the height
Of Love's Ambition.
Till then have faith and wait,
 The way, though long,
 In patience born is sweet
To thee, O Truth,
 Who knoweth the time to act.

OTHER DAYS AND NOW.

How changed, how puzzled seems the past
That once was dear to you and me.
I try so hard to understand,
To seek the light that intervenes,
In darkened silence, absence hour,
That knows the tenor of her ways,
If there's contentment in his life,
I'll never wish thee back.

Forever I'll forget the hour,
That pictured hope and trust and truth,
Forever I'll forget the eve,
When first your modest glance met mine,
I'll go that you may never know,
I'll be where I can ever see,
The ending of a reckoned flight,
I know thy end: Deceit.

I care not if the clouds are dark,
Or if the skies in grandeur shine,
I never more shall want or care
To ever stoop to worry on.
I only hope your dreams will be,
Forever filled with joy and ease,
I only feel you'll know sometime,
The truth of altered trust.

WORRY.

O clinging, weakened, troubled thought,
That wrecks the human frame,
And sights the soul's departure,
Leaving absence and a name.
What clinging, wielding power is thine,
To capture, change and all deface,
Imprinting worthless, weakened hope,
Designing, robbing fame.
Thy name is written in the lines
That play around dim, sinking eyes,
Thy name is death in agony,
That sights the clouded, darkened skies,
Thy name is murder in despair,
That saps the blood, the life, the light,
Inclosing darkness in its flight,
Benumbing body, mind and sight.
I've watched thy steady winning race,
Thy name is weakened, troubled will,
That caters to destruction's ease,
Returning not to pay the bill.
I've seen thee oft in palace grand,
I've dwelt with thee in cottage poor,
Thy death is Resolution strong.
Thy hope is courage, power,
To e'er resist the tempter's might,
Though great the germ that plays,
In sweet Destruction's painful path,
Unmindful of our days.

RECEIVING AND GIVING.

My days are peace,
My nights are rest,
My joys are smiles that please,
My youth is light
Descending bright,
To comfort and adorn.
My path with smiles
That wins admires
The world's dull, sterner side.
To live to know
To lend and help
To rescue and to save.
My life will prove,
When I have passed,
Beyond the bridge that spans,
The secret sought,
By mysteries locked,
I tried in vain to serve,
To know the right,
To give the best,
That greater joy might come,
Whilst here on earth,
When I am gone,
That I may share equality.

MASTER MIND.

O, Master Mind, how I love thee,
Thy sacred presence ever stamps
The grandeur of eternity
Within my lighted lamps.
That I may see still more the light,
That by degrees more brightly shines,
That I may never lose thy sight
Forever, Master, I'll be thine.
Thy love is purest, sweetest, best,
It never changes with the years,
Through all my life it stood the test,
And filled my eyes with smiles, not tears,
Whate'er I am, I owe to thee,
I sight the hour when I will know
The power controlling, lifting me
Through Mercy's call I go.
I sweetly sight my homeward flight,
I bear with love the crosses mine,
So simple to the ones I sight,
That long ago were part of thine.

DESIRE.

I come, I go, I reach, I serve,
 In beauty, gems of classic art,
I have not titles, worthless things,
 To one in knowledge born,
I think in sweet expression cast
 That other eyes may oft adorn
 The mind, the heart with longing rest.
E'er found in souls like mine.
I saw as in an infant dream
 The power, the light that then had touched
My tender soul in strengthened gaze
 Too soon to play a part,
In pleasing through the flow of sound,
 In musical expressioned words,
That touches, raises, satisfies,
 Hearts filled with bitter pain.

LIFE'S MESSAGE.

Rough was thy way from childhood's dawn,
I see the field that thou hast crossed,
The barren track, long left behind,
 The loss of friendship's broken chain.
A mother's Love, no more thy claim,
 The loss of earthly wants removed,
Have faith, kind friend, thy hopes will bloom,
Success will crown thy fears.

The troubled waters soon will calm,
To well-earned heights your name will mount,
For Genius' touch has left her stamp
 Upon your white and troubled brow.
O, smile, that tears may never come,
 That you may know the peace, the joy
That comes in soothing, winning light,
From realms of truth and power.

I see thy white barque breast the storm,
Thy name will yet proclaim thy worth,
Lead on to honor's noble stage,
 As queen of human loss and pain.
We pass, to never come again.
O, let thy recompense be all
That sweet intelligence can give,
O, let thy name spell Truth.

MAN'S END.

When will our troubles end?
When will the Godhead send
The power of destruction simple?
Ask not of the mysteries dead,
Only to do our best,
Leaving to God the rest.
Humble ambition smiles
Where anxious Science fails.
Once let the death cord snap,
Science can ne'er bring back
The electric current lost
In a resurrected, hidden power.
Truly great needs supplied
Through the centuries oft denied,
But the spiritual overworld
Denies Ambition to enter in.
Man can supply with ease
Up to certain degrees,
Bow, then, O, moulded clay,
To the power of Destruction.
This is a standard Law
Thousands now dead, once saw,
Turned in determined flight
To the silence of sublimity.
So will all wisdom bend
Through the centuries, in the end
To eternal, spiritual law,
Beyond the realms of experts.

ACT.

Is there no law for the murderer,
Who supplies the wants of men
Who wrecks our bodily structures,
Over and over again?
Candies filled with varnish,
Glucose, acid, whatnot,
Is a soul worth while to the nation?
In Godly structure wrought?
Impure milks on the market,
Soft drinks with saccharine soaked,
Copperas, sulphites in foodstuffs,
Has humanity long provoked.
Colors without food value,
Preservatives on fish and meat,
O, bitter fraud, hell is thy gain,
This is thy end, O cheat!
O, give us noble, strenuous laws,
Give us moral-typed men at the helm
Who will halt vain murder's awful greed,
O, spare our Nation's gem.

ETERNITY.

O, sweet, divine, instilling power,
Thy love is felt throughout the world.
In words that never die or change,
In all sweet wisdom's lightened plan
They offer, in accord with thine,
With wishes long ago proclaimed,
So clearly that no soul should fail,
To see the charming, sweet effect
Pronounced at Thy last supper.
"Do this," but in remembrance of
The Resurrection and the Life,
The hope, the peace, the final rest
When minds awake to wisdom's wish,
If I am Hope, my words are truth,
Beyond which never evil soars,
None since have come to follow Me,
None since have felt a passing thought,
Eternity My name bespeaks.
Though seen not, I am ever felt
By those who lived not then to see,
Whose hearts are sealed with living trust,
As oft was so with life no more.
Although I went, I come again
To judge, to sentence right and wrong
According to the light inlaid,
Thy will is free to Evil, Good,

My love was ever justice-crowned.
Deny me here, but fear the cost.
I was and am, to never change,
Desert me, persecute and damn,
Thy will is free to break commands,
But O, remember, I am Life,
To lose My presence means remorse,
And loss of talent vainly used.
To misconstrue a false desire
What is thy fate, religious thief?
That speaks, yet thinks a different thing,
That oft in snares through standing high,
Poor, wanting souls, with lesser light
Thy name is but an empty mist,
That waylays, in destruction's train,
To hope in time to save thyself,
Yet have the world proclaim thy worth.
Returning still for justice' aid,
How many souls in guilt have failed!

DREAMING.

'Tis night and I am sitting all alone,
Within the precincts of the darkened hall,
Thinking of happy summer days gone by
Of autumn time, the best to me of all.
Those happy hours when Love is pure and sweet
Beneath the azure sky of softest blue,
My heart unfolds and opens to the sun
Reflecting back its beauty, dear, to you.

Out in the stilly night, when day is done,
My heart goes o'er the ground that we have tread,
Back to the old pine tree in softness sweet,
I listen, but the words to me seem dead.
The pure and touching words that charm'd my heart
And raised a lasting picture in the soul,
Seems but a taste of that eternity,
Where hearts united but complete the whole.

Of Life and all its sweetest, fondest hopes
That knows no parting, save in rapture blest,
Of dreamy thought and happy, lasting love,
That weaves its sweetness in a cosy nest.
The wooded hill so sweet to gaze upon,
The tiny path that tried our passing forms,
Will soon be cold and bare and desolate,
Covered by winter's dreary, passing storms.

Until the bright spring days are ushered in
In sunny splendor, harmony divine,
My love with yours will know no sadness, dear,
When resting 'neath the dear old sheltering pine.

NO PADDLE DIPS.

Tonight upon the lonely lake
 My paddle dips,
Within my once bright bark canoe
 No fair one sits.
The bending trees in sadness stare,
They miss a form supremely rare
 To life no more.
Beneath the green moss on the shore
 I hear a voice,
It seems the spirit world is near
 For there my choice.
Though resting 'neath the lilies' bloom,
How deep the sadness of the tomb,
 Where life's dream rests.
Go, Disappointment, on thy way,
 And let me rest,
The silence of the lonely tomb
 To me seems best.
Upon life's great, eternal shore,
In bark canoe I'll sail no more —
 No paddle dips.

TO HILDA.

There are times when the heart loves to ponder,
On the days that to me are no more,
Filled with sweetness and brightness and grandeur,
Just a gift from Eternity's shore.
A pure, simple, modest, white angel
Sent to cheer me on Life's lonely way,
To give me that peace of contentment,
Through life's darkest night, brightest day.
Just to see your bright smile makes me happy,
Just to gaze in your eyes soft and blue,
Is a heaven of deep satisfaction,
For there's no one, dear heart, just like you.
In the lonely deep stillness of evening
I review the bright scenes of the day,
You are with me in all that I am, dear,
Let it be till my bark's crossed the bay.
You have strolled down the deep silent valley
Where the souls seeking comfort must roam,
With a stranger to cheer and caress you,
You were never, dear Hilda, alone.
I was with you through Night's darkest passage,
And my heart, dear, knew sorrow and pain,
God was good in His wonderful mercy,
He brought back my Hilda again,

Back 'mid the world's brightest sunshine,
So modest, so tender and true,
Time may change in her wonderful workings,
But still there is no change for you.
Dark was the day when we parted,
Brighter still, dear, the morn that we met,
And whatever to me you have been, dear,
'Twas a dream, love, too sweet to forget.
In the sweet golden silence of evening
Memory yearns for the bright, happy past,
Hours that saw your bright form blooming near me,
Too tender, too true, dear, to last.
Bend down closer and closer beside me,
Press again, dear, your pure lips to mine,
Twine your olive arms ever around me,
All I am, dear, will ever be thine.
And forever and ever and ever,
Though apart, will thy spirit be near,
You may change, but to me death is sweeter,
With thy all there is nothing to fear.

ALONE.

To night I am sad and lonely
And I long to be free and at rest,
Alone let me live and wander,
A Life that perhaps is best.
My heart is troubled and weary
And my mind is filled with pain,
And the days of the past, once so happy,
Will never return again.
I know not why I should suffer,
Why sorrow should wend its way
To a soul that is sad and tender,
To a heart that is true as day.
The picture that found its way to me,
Is yours if you wish it back,
Since I may not in life walk with you
Give me the barren track.
Leave me alone to think and brood,
On a face that ne'er may be mine,
But I know it is best you should vanish,
And I can be happy in time.
Dark seems the world and dreary,
No peace, no joy, no rest,
Comes to a heart all hungry,
For a love that is pure and best.
Perhaps I am only dreaming
A dream that will ne'er come true,
But to-night this longing, idle thought,
Comes to my heart from you.

Must I forget those hours so sweet,
When you were by my side,
O yes, if but you deem it so,
I'll drift upon the tide.
The hours, dear heart, you gave to me,
Were few and far between,
'Twere better far had we ne'er met,
Then changed would be the scene.
Farewell, my little girl, good-night,
May angels hover near,
And guide thee o'er life's rocky way,
And wipe away a tear.

UNDER THE LONELY PINE.

In the stilly woods, 'neath the lonely pine,
Forever my heart is at rest,
I love it, the dreamer's life for me,
I welcome the life that is best.

I hear the sound of the babbling brook,
That is music indeed to me.
Long may my old hut rest on the hill,
Where my heart-throbs beat so free.

To lie in my hammock and breathe the sweet air
As the winds are passing by,
To list to the song of the birdies dear,
And gaze on the bright blue sky.

MEDITATION.

In the soul's sweet silent chamber,
 There is truth and there is love,
Born to know a stranger's longings,
 Gentle as a turtle-dove.
On life's way you slowly wander,
 Blooming, like a lily sweet,
Sometime, dear, you'll learn to know me
 Far beyond the city street.
Just a day ago I met you,
 You were young and fair to see,
Not but watching, all but trusting,
 Wandering o'er Life's lonely sea.
Hour by hour you'll know me better,
 Day by day you'll happier be,
Till at last you'll ne'er forsake me,
 Time tried friends love, you and me.
Living on through life together,
 Fearless of the world's rough way,
Growing kinder, sweeter, fonder
 Till our souls have crossed the bay.
There to learn of sweeter grandeur,
 Where the peace of God is rest,
Lead me onward, ever upward,
 Live to know me, love 'tis best.
Just to know that life is sweeter,
 Free from worry, toil and care,
Just to know that sunshine's brighter,
 On your sweet form, angel fair.

TO HELEN.

The past I know not, care not, Helen dear,
Only the present, future, love, I fear,
Just to be loyal, fond and kind and true,
With an undying love, open to view.
All that I want is you to love through life,
Ideal of my home, my heart, sweet wife,
Just like a pure white angel sanctified,
Joy of my heart, my soul's pure bride.
Into the distant future still I see,
Mountains of joy stored up through you to me.
The thought of other forms, of other days,
Will end the doubtful love that time delays.
Oft in the stilly night, when all alone
My thoughts play sweetly round our future home.
In God I trust, whate'er the future be,
And bow to His sweet will in love of thee.
I know that you will help me day by day,
O'er the rough, rocky road to smooth the way
In faith unchanging, o'er the waves of time,
Always to know your heart beats time to mine.
Always unchanging, thoughtful, tender, true,
Modest and gentle, better than I knew.
Always so trusting, though the way seemed dark
The morn will see you happier than the lark,
To gaze into your sweet face is to love,
As if directed by the God above,
Who guides the tiny sparrow on its way,
And changes darkest night to brightest day.

OUT OF THE FAR AWAY.

In a lonely country churchyard,
 Just fourteen years ago,
Your mother dear was laid to rest,
 Death struck its fatal blow.
Time has since then sped on its way
 And countless changes come and gone,
O, broken pledges, once so sweet,
 Dear fading forms once gazed upon.
Dear, saddened words that softly fell
 And touched the keynote of my heart,
“The last of my poor mamma, dear,”
 Words death alone from me can part.
I loved you then, my little girl,
 In those dark days that are no more,
And so 'twill be till I have passed
 Beyond this earth, to heaven's shore.
Ever and always the same to me,
 No earthly power can enter in,
And change this lovely dream of old
 And make life not what it has been.
I know not, dear, why you have changed,
 ‘Tis true you never told me why,
And that sweet promise once you gave,
 Is sacred till the day I die,
Though we've not met for many years,
 Your spirit, dear, seems ever near.
I know not why you haunt me still,
 And fill my heart with lonely fear.

FALLING AND RISING.

What is this unforeseen messenger,
That slowly, surely robs me of my strength,
Overrides all earthly skill,
And draws the pining mind heavenward?
'Tis to the Christian heart power,
To which the soul retreats,
In all its pain and agony,
To taste of comforts come beyond
When worldly existence satisfied,
Crosses the bridge to Life.
O simple crosses so deserving,
Let me linger still awhile,
To satisfy eternal love,
In silent hours to but repent,
To ask again and oft and oft again,
Sweet, living fount of hope and mercy,
Wet but my pent-up tears in penance,
When I in justice Thee have satisfied.
Lead thou me, sweet one, home,
Through youth's dark worldly night,
If though I faltered through my wayward will
Thy presence haunted, halted then my way.
And simple ills but changed the pathway of my
flight,
To bring me peace and love, eternal rest.

TO A DOUBTER.

When I am far from Concord, Rudith dear,
And you are sitting by your cottage home,
Sometimes, perhaps, in meditation sweet,
You'll think of him, though far from you he roams
The sweet, kind words of comfort come, he spoke,
To raise the mind and elevate the soul,
But played upon the mainspring of your heart,
Words spoke the thought the tongue could not
control.
To doubt but pains, convincing oft is sweet
To that pure soul where injury was wrought,
Just to be kind, dear, o'er life's troubled way,
A lesson, sweet, that sad experience taught.
The ventures of to-day will long remain,
Painted upon the mirror of my soul,
Convince I could not, there's a storm at sea,
I hear the sad, sea wavelets softly roll.
Calmly they break upon the lonely shore,
In silent thought she wonders why 'tis so,
"He did not lie, 'twas false of me to doubt,
To thus compare him to that former foe."
Leave but the misty Past behind, my love,
'Tis Autumn time, the leaves, too, change their
dress,
Take on the new, change from the path that pains,
A bird, frostbitten, ne'er can change her nest.

To-day's bright sun will ever brighter glow,
If but we live the life that knows no pain,
Hearts that are true, that cannot once deceive,
Sweet paradise, 'mid life's unceasing train.
The hours we pass'd at old Contocook Park,
Upon this sunny, bright September day,
Will reassure you, Rudith, of the past
And change the darkness into brightest day.
'Tis night and I am sitting all alone
Within the precincts of a darkened hall.
I see but dimly through the great white way,
My guardian angel, that is all.
The darkened Past lies buried in its trail,
Ne'er thinking of the bright to-morrow, dear,
Of love, of hope, of confidence and truth,
That cheers the soul and drives away all fear.
To-night I feel that you are near me, love,
At least in thought you wonder if I'm true.
The test of time will oft dispel the cloud
That separates the false, love, from the true.
And so 'twould be, my dear, if we should part,
You'd oftentimes wonder if my love were true.
Out in the wide world, drifting all alone,
"He may have loved me better than I knew."
And so 'twill be as time goes on its way,
Your bright smile brings me nearer to the hour
When we shall know naught else but sweetest joy,
Queen of my heart, my own ideal flower.

MY LOVE.

Prove to me, Bernice, dear, you'll doubt me never more

The sad experience of a life gone o'er and o'er,
I see but dimly through the distant day,

That brings sweet rest from o'er life's rocky way.

The calm, sweet hours of yesterday dispell'd,

The hours that to your life were unexcelled,

Of broken rest and sweet dream time

When but your life will blend fore'er with mine.

I see you now as but an hour ago,

'Tis hard to think you doubt me, love, 'tis so.

I'd give the best in life to hear you say

"My heart is yours, to care for day by day."

O, Bernice, dear, lift up those eyes of blue,

And tell me that your heart is ever true.

'Tis hard to banish love thoughts of the past,

To try a love, you doubt may ever last.

What may I do to win that will of thine?

To make your life, dear, just a part of mine?

To feel that you would never wish to stray,

Out in the night, forgetful of the day.

Forgetful of the hours we spent this day

Out in the country, from the world away.

Where nature bows in adoration sweet,

And sheds her paradise about your feet.

Lift up your heart, your arms, your eyes and say:

I do believe your love is true as day.

That happiness again has pierced my heart,
With an undying love to never part.
Prove to me, dear, your love will never stray
To others' whims and fancies on life's way.
But, that your secret thought will blend with mine,
In inspiration pure, in thought divine.
As pure as Autumn leaves of yesterday,
That cast a dying beauty on their way,
Of love admiring and sweet to gaze upon,
So will your heart, dear, pine when love is gone,
Forget the past, be mindful of the hour,
When you will meet a purer, lovelier flower,
Ripe to the core and full of love divine,
Will you accept a life less pure than mine?
We seem to feel and think and act as one,
Just to believe, dear, e'er the day is done,
That you will love and trust as ne'er before
Lest we should part to meet, to meet no more.
All that this world can give will e'er be thine
Just to be sure your love is true to mine.
Only to hear you say, "I'll trust you, dear."
Through all my life, forever, year by year.
My love goes out to you, to you alone,
Queen of my heart, joy of my future home.
Let but your pure soul think in thought with mine,
Loving and true, dear, to the end of time.
Draw down the curtain, love, upon the past,
Upon sad dreams, false hopes too weak to last.
Tomorrow's sun will bring sweet peace and rest,
Of love, of hope, of all in life that's best.

BEYOND.

When I have passed within the lake of Life,
 Within the garden sealed to human gaze,
What matter then the thought of earthly praise
 So often false, so seldom found deserved.
To paddle through the silent, hidden stream,
 To reach with longing pride the golden shore,
To feel Life's anxious dream forever o'er,
 'Mid calm enlightenment the heart's sweet balm.
Amid the scenery grand of wonderland,
 How vividly I picture, anxious stare,
But nothing to the soul seems now so rare,
 As meeting God when Life's dark night is o'er,

LIFE'S WAY.

1. Like whisperings borne across the misty night,
 Like spirit-land that opes its lonely door,
O lovely gem that melts before my sight,
 Will I soon meet thee on that distant shore?
 Where skies are blue,
 Blue as those eyes,
 That silently
 Met mine.
 In bark canoe,
 When paddling through
 Life's Way.

2. Will there the silvered waters brighter glow?
And dreamy, smiling trees more comfort bring
Than lakes that we frequented long ago,
Held spell-bound by the paddle's distant ring?
 Across the deep,
 Dark troubled gulf,
 I hear the voice
 Once heard,
 In bark canoe
 When paddling through
 Life's Way.

WESTERN QUEEN.

I come to your gilded halls to-night,
Friends of the Golden West,
 But I carry the dream
 Of my northern queen
 And the sunny lakes
 And the waters blue
 That were life for me
 In my bark canoe
 As my paddle dipped
 In its dreamy way.
 Watched by the stars
 That lit the blue,
 That painted a picture
 Our emblem true,
 The Maple Leaf forever.

There is joy in those gilded halls tonight,
Love, Friendship, my Western Queen.

For I feel things blest
Unexpressed in the West,
But in welcome eyes
Is the heart's best gold
And the joys that last,
Though by words ne'er told.
And when back in the North
This friendship true,
'Neath the starry night,
And the azure sky,
Will live entwined,
O reason why:

The Maple Leaf forever.

Within the hearts of this gilded hall
May heaven's blessings rest

And such friendship deep
I will ever keep,
And bring to the North,
To your sister queen,
And tell of the love
That exists between,
When my paddle dips
In the lonely lake,
Of those prairies wild
And those mountains high,
Like true hearts brave
Let us live and die.

'Neath the Maple Leaf forever.

HEART'S DESIRE.

Far away my thoughts are centered,
Far away my longings rest,
Earthly dreams brought not contentment
Nor the joys I then thought best.
Ever changing, ever shifting,
Sometimes happy, often sad,
Through the darkness light is shining,
Sad yet happy, lonely, glad.
Disappointment oft a passage,
To the better life leads on,
Lights the way to brighter morrow,
Lost to seeming joys now gone,
There is grandeur in the Real,
In the Artist's gifted plan,
There is final, deep contentment,
Courage, strength, Life's bridge to span.
Life's young dream so easily shattered
Nothing left to seek, acquire,
Turn thy eyes to joy eternal,
There alone is heart's desire.

WE ARE THE GOVERNMENT.

The laboring people are the Government,
They in the future will pull off a stunt,
It is high time they should take a hand
In the ruling of this noble land.
See them marching onward to the polls,
Since they've awakened, now their vote controls,
To them progression means what? Liberty.
Onward, Land of the free.

Onward, onward, till the day is done,
Onward, onward, till the victory's won.
Onward, onward, there's no time to rest,
Onward, onward, for a cause that's best.
Never pausing in the thick'ning fight,
Onward, onward, boys, with all our might,
List to the band a'playing freedom.
We are the laboring class.

Lovely women, how they break the spell,
Genius, suffragettes, keep up the yell,
Onward marching in a noble cause,
Labor, Labor, better labor laws.
Man must bend to women's noble worth,
To a motherhood that gave you birth,
Look out, the tide is turning ever,
Suffragettes, suffragettes win.

Chorus — 6th line: [sometimes substitute "girls" for "boys."]

THE END.

If in one mind
I've cast a ray of sunshine
I'm satisfied
The light of that
Will spread and grow, expand,
In all its beauty.
A few more words
And I will leave you then
To read and think,
To rise and act
With all your love and power.
My heart is with you
In all I am
Of that which leads to good.
My spirit's near
Though far away,
I give the best to you.
Some things, perhaps,
That I have penned
Will meet the eye of censure.
To me no fear
Would wet a tear
But loss of God's perfection.
To see through mist
The tiny light
That guides my inspiration.

To live with you
To sight and give
Fond hope and real courage,
That comes in streams
To touch and guide
And light the way with truth.
That we may live
To see the dawn
Of better, happier days.
Another thought,
My readers dear,
That we may meet again.
In noble work
Where hearts are bound
In faith and truth and love.
Beneath a Flag
Of purpose strong
Will test our real worth.
The white, white Flag
Of Liberty
Shall float o'er all the earth.

Jacob Layton

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